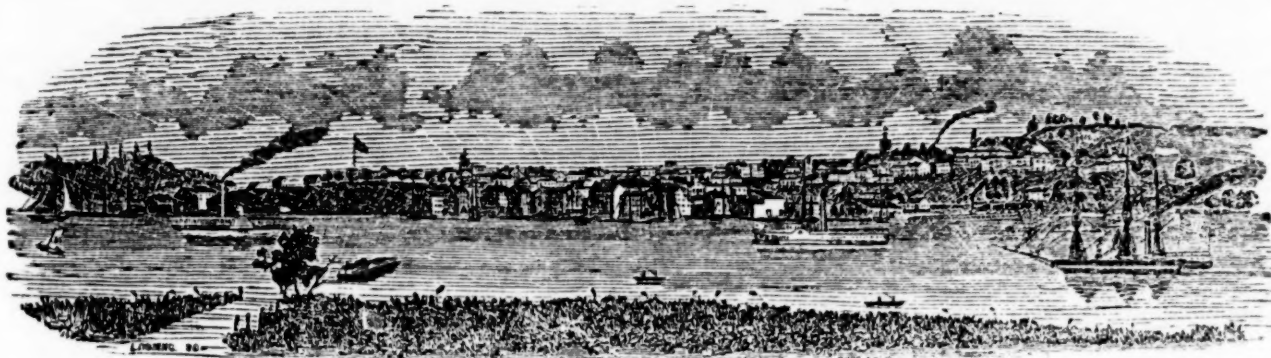


RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

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PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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PRINCE ALBERT.



PRINCE ALBERT of Saxe Coburg, is the second son of the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, and was born on the 20th of August, 1819.

The House of Coburg is one of the most ancient in Europe, and has figured in its annals from the commencement of the ninth century.

In the year 1831, the reigning Duke of Saxe of Coburg, being about to contract a new matrimonial alliance, sent his youngest son Prince Albert to England, and placed him under the charge of his aunt the Duchess of Kent. During about a year he resided either at Kensington Palace or at Claremont,

where he frequently pursued his studies in English drawing, music, &c. under the same masters and in the same room, with the Princess Victoria. From this early age they contracted a friendship for each other.

Prince Albert returned to Coburg in 1832. Before attaining his 17th year he entered the University of Bonn. He there became a very general favorite from his affability and engaging manners. He pursued his studies with great assiduity, and is one of the most distinguished scholars which that University has produced.

Upon the coronation of the Queen Victoria, the Prince accompanied his father to London, to be present at that august ceremony, and the Queen then conferred on the Duke the order of the Garter.

After this the Prince made a tour through Germany and Italy, remaining in the latter country all the winter of 1838—39, and returned to Coburg by way of Vienna, being every where received with the greatest distinction; rumors having already spread throughout the continent of the high destiny which awaited him.

In October 1839, the Prince with his elder brother arrived in England on a visit to her Majesty, and on the 10th of February 1840, the marriage of Prince Albert and Queen Victoria was solemnized.

The house of Coburg is one of the most illustrious in Europe; it is allied by marriage to almost every sovereign upon that continent. Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, the present King of the Belgians, after having married Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV. who died in November 1817, is now married to Louisa Maria, daughter of Louis Philippe King of the French; a daughter of the house of Coburg is married to the Duke of Nemours, son of Louis Philippe; Ferdinand Augustus of Saxe-Coburg is married to the Queen of Portugal all of whom will leave behind them, according to present appearances, a long line of kings.

The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, at the chapel attached to St. James's Palace, in presence of the Dowager Queen Adelaide, widow of William IV. the Duke of Sussex, the Duchess of Kent, Lord Melbourne, then Prime-Minister, and most of the other members of the Whig Cabinet. The Duke of Wellington, and other leaders of the Tory party being also present, together with a number of the heads of the most distinguished families of the United Kingdom. The whole of the metropolis was brilliantly illuminated in celebration of the joyful event.

This marriage gave great umbrage to the Tory party, who had fixed upon Prince George of Cambridge as the most fitting husband for the Queen; but her majesty exercised a prerogative which even the lowliest of her subjects enjoy, that of choosing for herself. There is no doubt that Prince Albert was the object of her first affections, and she selected him as the companion of her life.

TALES.

NELLY, THE RAG-GATHERER.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

NEAR where Canal-street now extends its range of fine ware-houses and commodious dwellings—where, over the broad flagging, youth and beauty trip so fleetly, and the din of omnibusses, cart and cab is unceasing, there stood, about the year 1809 a low, dark dismal stone building, which has more the air of a prison than any less equivocal residence.

Upon the ground floor there were but two windows, and those were boarded over, excepting one row of cracked and dirty panes at the top. The windows upon the second floor were always tightly closed by heavy wooden shutters, once black, but now discolored by time and rain to a hue even more dismal. The house stood a few rods back from the street, and were enclosed by a board fence, so high as entirely to prevent any one from looking into the yard, which was one mass of tangled weeds and filthy rubbish, where at every step the miry soil yielded beneath the foot, or after a rain became a loathsome stagnant pond.

This part of New-York was called the "Collect." It was then almost a swamp, and so remained for many years. Of course it was deemed unhealthy—the hot-bed of fevers and agues, and for that reason probably and while both above and below and on each side the hand of improvement and wealth was rapidly extending streets and erecting noble buildings this, the "Collect," remained almost an insulated spot—the rendezvous of thieves and of assassins—and rendered also even more famous by many idle tales of superstition, so that this building stood year after year apparently untenanted, growing more and more gloomy as time wore on. But it was not so. Every day there might have been seen issuing from the narrow gate-way, an old miserable looking woman, in perfect keeping with the abode. Her dress, although clean, was of the coarsest and most scanty materials, eked out with shreds and patches of every shape and hue. An old tattered shawl was thrown over her bosom, her arms were nearly bare, she wore no stockings, and her slipshod, ragged shoes, were fastened around her ankles by twine or bits of rags. A straw bonnet of most unseemly shape and color, was pinched down over her face and tied under her chin by an old dingy black handkerchief. Over her shoulders she always bore a greasy brown bag, and in her hand one of those long wooden poles with an iron hook attached to either end, and denoting her occupation as a Rag-gatherer.

Long used to stooping amid the dirt and rubbish, her form had become bent nearly double; and day after day she might be seen prowling around the principal streets, sometimes about the dry goods stores, or scraping every little rag and refuse from the gutter and drains near the residences of the more wealthy citizens. So miserable was her appearance that frequently some charitable person, touched by her decrepitude and poverty, would drop at her feet a few pennies, and even silver coin, which Nelly, as she was called by the shop-boys and servants, would greedily pick up, mumbling as she did so a few almost unintelligible words of thanks. Only a few hours of each day did Nelly devote to her strolls—she would then return to that wretched dreary dwelling, and inspect and arrange her filthy store. The rags she would wash and hang over

the tall rank weeds, meet to bear such fruit—and if perchance anything of more value had fallen to her luck, as was often the case, it was carefully hoarded away. No one was ever admitted within those walls, yet sometimes a beggar would waylay even this poor wretch as she entered her gate; nor were they refused aid—if but a penny or a crust, the Rag-gatherer bestowed her mite.

Had she lived in the days of Salem Witchcraft, Nelly would assuredly have been hung for a witch, nor did she even now escape suspicion of belonging to that worthy sisterhood. As no light, however dim, was ever seen gleaming from those dingy panes, it was averred by certain knowing ones, that the nights of poor Nelly were passed in the society of the "*Old Scratch*"—and more than one person testified that she had been seen sitting upon the top of the fence in the shape of a large black cat, glaring so frightfully that the whole marsh become illuminated by her fiery eye-balls. Others said the "*Old Scratch*," with proper politeness, occasionally returned these visits "*incog*" and might be heard in dark, stormy nights, when the wind howled and the thunder rolled, growling around the gate.—That she *had* made league with this same respectable gentleman there was no doubt—her rags were assuredly transmuted to gold and silver, for the chink of the hard dollars and guineas was said to be heard as plainly as the ten-pin balls of a neighboring alley.

Sportsmen affirmed that frequently when they had come snipe-shooting in the vicinity of the old Rag-gatherer's house, the snipes had acted as if they were bewitched—paying no regard whatever to their shot, but merely turning tail, with a "*hit-me-if-you-can*" air, flew lazily over the old fence! As guilt is always more or less superstitious, these very reports rendered the Rag-gatherer probably more secure in her castle, for even if she had the luck of changing rags to gold, the thief preferred knocking a gentleman genteelly on the head in Broadway or the Bowery, to venturing into the den of one so near the devil; for, although performing *his* business in the most faithful manner, he seemed to have a strong repugnance to facing his employer.

It was a chilly day in Autumn that, as Nelly was returning from her daily toil, her attention was attracted by a young woman who seemed nearly fainting upon the damp ground, her head reclining against a rough stake or post, while crouched shivering at her feet was a little girl apparently about six years of age. Nelly was not unfeeling—the heart which beat beneath that wretched covering was more alive to pity than many which throbbed beneath a silken zone; so she stopped, and in a kind voice demanded the cause of the poor woman's distress. In tones broken by grief and pain her little story was told in a few words. She was dying she said, of want—her husband, after a long sickness, had been buried only a week before, leaving her friendless and forlorn—and that unable longer to pay the rent of a wretched cellar, the cruel landlord had thrust her forth with her child into the pitiless streets to die—for die she knew she must, there was such a load upon her heart; and were it not for her poor little child she cared not how soon she was laid at rest in the quiet grave-yard. Nelly spoke words of comfort to her, and assisting her to rise bade her to lean upon her, and then taking the little attenuated hand of the child in hers, she led them to her miserable abode. That shelter which the rich man denied, the Rag-gatherer freely gave, and with it—

kindness! In her work of benevolence it seemed as if renewed strength and agility were given her. She placed her on her straw pallet—coarse, but cleanly, she chafed her hands, and poured her out a cup of water, which she succeeded in getting her to drink; nor, in the meanwhile, had she forgotten to give into the hands of the famishing child a generous slice of bread. How tenderly she smoothed the pillow of the poor young creature, and bathed her throbbing temples! But all would not do—life was evidently ebbing fast away. Remembering there was a physician not far off, she hastened with all her speed to summon him. There was apparently a struggle with this disciple of Galen at crossing the threshold of one so miserable, for on tip-toe-ing, careful steps he entered—just glanced towards the bed—pronounced the patient "*well enough*" and would have retreated, but the long fingers of Nelly, seized his arm with the grip of a tigress—her black eyes flashed both with anger and contempt as she said:

"*Stay, and fear not your services will go unpaid. Here is gold for you! Save this poor woman if in your power, for the sake of that helpless babe.*"

Although the eyes of the doctor suddenly opened wide to the exigency of the case, and although he felt her pulse, and administered some soothing stimulant, it needed more than the hand of man to strengthen anew the "*silver cord*." Ere morning she died, with her last breath commending the orphan to the protection of the old woman. "As God reads my heart, I promise you, your child shall be as my own," whispered Nelly, bending over the dying woman. "I will protect her and keep her from harm. All that one like me can do, I will!"

The mother fixed her eyes upon the good creature, tried to speak her thanks, and then clasping her child to her bosom, her wearied spirit sank to rest. With her own hands Nelly straightened the body for its final bed—from her hoarded gains, she purchased a decent coffin, and then, when all was ready, she called in a clergyman to perform the last mournful rites. In an obscure corner of "*Potter's field*" the young stranger was buried—*unwept—unknown!*

As the hearse disappeared, Nelly again bolted her door, and taking the weeping child upon her knee strove to comfort her. She gazed long and tenderly upon the sweet face of the little orphan, and it was one which well paid the scrutiny. She was a gentle, timid child, with great delicacy of form and features. Light golden hair, waved in silken ringlets over a brow and neck of dazzling fairness—eyes of beautiful deep blue, seeming, from their mournful cast, to bespeak at once your love and pity, and a rosy little mouth, inviting the kiss it so sweetly returned. Her mother had called her Violet, and Nelly had asked no other name. And now this poor old creature so long an object of contempt, and even contumely by the crowd; had found something upon which to lavish her pent-up affections—a being *more helpless than herself* to cherish—she so long friendless and unsightly to the eye, received now the artless caresses of this pure, lovely child. The walls of her dwelling, late so dismal and desolate, were suddenly filled with life and music! From the day she had sworn to protect the little Violet, old Nelly seemed a changed being. Her tones were now low and gentle, her footsteps noiseless, as she feared her happiness all an illusion that the least rudeness might dispel, or that the little being she had so learned to love was but a

vision which a breath might dissolve; and old and decrepid as *she* was, her goodness made her lovely in the eyes of the child.

As Violet grew older, the old woman gradually withdrew from her habitual rounds and devoted her time more to the instruction of her young charge. She taught her to read and spell correctly—guided her little hand in learning her to write, and was continually storing her mind with lessons of truth and purity. Words of such beauty seemed strange issuing from the mouth of one whose life appeared to have been a scene of cruel toil and privation! She instructed her in all branches of needle work, even to the finest embroidery—yes, those fingers, used to plucking the rags from unsavory sewers, now threaded the variegated worsteds, and beautiful buds and flowers glowed beneath her hand!

Allow a few years to pass unnoted, and Violet is again before us. She had now reached her fourteenth year, and still thought nor wished for other home than the roof of the Rag-gatherer. Those four walls, were worlds to her, and there her days had passed in peace and happiness. Nelly was usually absent many hours in the day, and rarely returned at night. Where those were passed was a mystery she never divulged even to Violet, who was employed the mean-while contentedly with her needle and in perusing the very few books which the old woman had managed to procure. Day after day, as she threw her bag over her shoulder to depart, Nelly would enjoin upon Violet never to be seen at the windows above, and on no account to open the gate, no matter how hard it was assailed, and without a murmur Violet had strictly obeyed. But one day, and a bright sunny one it was too, when she could hear the birds singing, and the insects chirping amid the grass, Violet, perhaps for the first time, pined to be let loose from that dismal old building. She tried to sew, but the needle slipped away from her heedless fingers. She opened her books. How tedious! She had read all that a thousand times. She then went into the yard, where Nelly with her own hands had arranged a little garden for her darling, but the flowers looked sickly and hung their heads, no more contented with their position than Violet. All at once she found herself close to the proscribed gate. *Ah, take care Violet!* But what harm could there be in just unbolting it for a moment? What harm in just looking into the street? She knew there could be none, and so she timidly drew the bolt. The gate yielded to her touch, and, half afraid, she stood within the dingy portal. It happened unfortunately just at that moment, a party of gay young men were passing. Struck by her uncommon loveliness they stopped and gazed rudely upon her. Violet attempted to retreat, but one of them, with consummate audacity, seized her by the arm, and addressed her with the most insolent language. In vain she struggled to free herself. He swore he would have a kiss, and most probably would have succeeded in his brave attempt, had not a smart blow across the eyes with a rattan, nearly blinded him, and obliged him to release the frightened girl. His companions had stood by laughing at the distress of Violet, and encouraging their comrade to persist, but there was another spectator of the scene; a youth apparently not more than seventeen, who enraged at their brutality, dealt the blow, and then quickly drawing Violet within the gate, bolted it. Now gracefully lifting his hat, he bid her be under no uneasiness, for he would protect her from all insult. In the

mean-while, smarting with rage and pain, the party on the outside with furious knocks and gross language demanded admittance, and at one time it seemed as if the old gate must inevitably yield to their violence; but, tired at length of their fruitless efforts, they desisted, and, with oaths of revenge, took their departure across the "Collect." The brave lad would have waited the return of the old woman, but Violet begged of him to be gone, while in her own artless manner she thanked him again and again for the services he had rendered her. Reluctantly, therefore, he took his leave—to Violet, it was as if the sun had suddenly disappeared from the heavens!

As soon as Nelly came in she candidly related all that had occurred, to which the former listened with much agitation, making no reproaches, but for more than an hour remained in deep thought, evidently distressed at such an unlooked-for circumstance. Suddenly lifting her head, she exclaimed:

"Violet, you must go from me!"

"What, leave you—do you bid me leave you? Ah, forgive your disobedient child. Never—never will I again offend you!" cried Violet.

"I am not offended, for you have but committed an act for which my own foolish conduct must answer. I should have known better than to have caged you here so long, poor child, but my motives were good. Now we must part—perhaps never to meet again, for, when once you go forth into the busy world, when you leave these walls behind you, the poor Rag-gatherer must no longer be remembered."

Violet burst into tears, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Send me away, and tell me I must forget you, too! Oh, I cannot—I cannot."

Even Nelly herself shed tears, but her resolution was unshaken.

"Listen to me, Violet," said she. "I know a lady who is not only rich, but, what is far better, has the credit of being charitable. Indeed, more than once have I experienced her kindness. To her I will now go. I will relate your little history. I will tell her that though but the adopted child of a poor, lone woman like myself, yet you are good and amiable, and your mind pure as falling snow. I think she will at once receive you under her roof, and for the rest I fear not. You would steal into her heart were it of marble."

"But shall I never hear from you—never, never see you again? Oh, I had much rather stay with you."

"You may see me again, and you may not, but on pain of my certain displeasure, never to a human being speak of or relate your past life—you must forget it entirely! Remember this, and promise me you will not again disobey my commands."

Violet gave the required promise, and the old woman continued:

"You have never been called by any other name than Violet—you must now have one. A precious and a darling child have you been to my old heart, and in remembrance, you shall be called 'Violet Darling.'"

The next morning Nelly came in bearing a bundle, which she handed to Violet, saying:

"Here, my love, are clothes more suitable for you than the coarse garments you have on. I have seen Mrs. Ballantyne, the lady I spoke of, and, as I expected, she is willing to receive you, not as a

domestic, but as a companion. One so new as you are to the world she thinks she can mould according to her own fancy, but be not led, my dear child, to forget the lessons of truth and virtue I have endeavored to instil into your mind. This afternoon, at four o'clock, you will be sent for."

Passing over the grief of Violet, at finding herself, about to be separated from the only friend she had on earth, we find her, at the hour appointed, waiting the messenger from Mrs. Ballantyne.

As her eye caught the figure reflected in the old cracked looking-glass, it was no wonder she started with surprise. A neat white cambric, now took place of the faded, coarse calico she had previously worn; a blue scarf veiled her bosom, and a little gipsy hat, tied under her dimpled chin with blue ribbons, shaded her youthful, modest face. Thus attired, poor Violet fluttering, trembling, like a timid bird, shrank from offered freedom.

Mrs. Ballantyne was a gay and handsome widow. Her fortieth birthday had already passed, but so lightly had time marked these mile-stones to the grave (as some one has called them) that, to all appearance, she was as youthful as at five-and-twenty. Her complexion, perhaps, had suffered, but the brightness of her fine black eye was undimmed; her raven hair, still unsilvered, rested in rich glossy folds upon her lofty brow; her mouth was small—teeth superb, and her figure retained all its youthful elasticity and grace. Left a widow at an early age, Mrs. Ballantyne, for several years, secluded herself entirely from the gay world. All her thoughts—all her affections—centring in her only child, a lovely boy. Report had said the married life of Mrs. Ballantyne had been far from happy; but if so, she certainly evinced all the grief of the most affectionate wife, for even, after her son was old enough to be placed at school, she still persisted in her seclusion, seeing none but her most intimate friends, and only relieving the monotony of her existence by daily habituating herself to the exercise of walking, in which, however, she as constantly refused all participants. These solitary walks, so regular, and in all weathers, at last gave rise to many ill-natured and unfeeling remarks tending in the end to sully the pure fame of the young widow. But even while the world whispered and wondered, Mrs. Ballantyne suddenly gave a new impetus to their tongues and conjectural organs, by as suddenly renouncing her former manner of life, and, casting aside her mourning weeds, stepped forth from her darkened chamber a radiant, beautiful woman—gay—enchanting—*spirituelle*!

With a taste as novel as it was exquisite, she furnished her splendid mansion; the elegance of her equipage was the topic of the day; while balls, suppers, and parties, followed each other in rapid succession.

It was now the dashing Mrs. Ballantyne!

Her saloon was thronged with the *élite* of learning and aristocracy. She patronized the fine arts, befriended the unfortunate, and gave liberally to every charitable purpose.

The same mystery, to be sure, still attached itself to her private affairs—certain hours of every day she was invisible; but now the world deemed it only an *eccentricity*, and as such it passed. Nor was she without her admirers. Statesmen and heroes would gladly have laid their laurels at her feet, and many a youthful lover worshiped at her shrine; but maternal love shielded her heart from

all other ties. Under all the apparent frivolity of her character, there was much, very much, that was truly excellent and noble. Her son was never forgotten—he was still the idol of her fondest hopes and affection. With talents of high order brought into proper development by judicious instruction, Eugene Ballantyne, at the age of seventeen, had nearly completed his collegiate course, and had already evinced a strong desire to enter the ministry. His health, however, having suffered from close application to study, it was deemed advisable for him to make the tour of Europe ere he came to any definite determination.

Such then was the person who was to receive the humble *protege* of the Rag-gatherer. What a transition from the wretched dwelling of the latter to the luxuriant abode of wealth and fashion, where the very air seemed oppressed with its own fragrance! Yet the mind of Violet, appeared fitted for this refined sphere—so strangely had old Nelly even in all her obscurity and poverty cultivated this lovely flower. She was like the sweet lily of the vale opening its delicate petals in the dark wild wood, yet when transplanted to conservatory of rare and choice exotics, then only appearing to have found its proper sphere!

It was the afternoon upon which Violet had taken a last farewell of her childhood's home, with what sorrow has been shown, that Mrs. Ballantyne, seated in her private apartment, waited the arrival of her *protege*. It was the month of June, and it would seem Flora herself had showered this little retreat of the widow with her most beautiful offerings. Vases of the most tasteful designs were scattered around filled with choice roses—wreaths of fresh flowers were suspended over the mirrors, and the transparent window curtains were looped with the same. The floor was covered by an India matting, and in the centre of the room stood a small Egyptian table bearing an urn, also of antique model, in which the rarest exotics united their fragrance with the less brilliant flowers of our own clime. Upon this table were choice prints—rare medallions—etchings, and the walls were also decorated with gems from the first masters. Silken hangings of a pale rose color drooped in graceful folds over a small recess, disclosing within the couch of the fair mistress of this apartment, around which fell curtains of snowy muslin looped here and there with the same beautiful bands as confined those at the windows.

The dress of Mrs. Ballantyne was a pale green silk, ornamented with double rosettes of pink satin. The sleeves were of the finest lace falling just below the elbow, disclosing the beautiful contour of her arm, clasped at the wrist by a rich bracelet of emeralds and rubies. Her glossy black hair was parted upon her forehead and gathered in one heavy mass upon the top of her head, where it was confined by a shell comb of exquisite workmanship. In her hand she held a miniature of her son, who had that morning returned to college. Upon this her eyes were fondly fixed, when a gentle rap at the door aroused her from her pleasing employment.

Bewildered at the beautiful scene before her, so novel, so enchanting; confused, abashed, at the presence of the elegant woman who now kindly greeted her, Violet stood trembling at the entrance, her cheeks suffused with blushes rivaling the tints of the roses around her. One hand rested upon the polished moulding, the other was partly raised as if to shield her eyes from so much splendor, and

one little foot just poised upon the marble sill, hesitating to bear its lovely young mistress into a spot so strangely beautiful. Mrs. Ballantyne advanced and gently taking by the timid girl by the hand, led her into the apartment, and seated her upon the tabouret at her side. She then removed the little gipsy hat, and the golden curls leaped gladly forth from their unwonted thralldom, and nestled again around their sweet resting place.

At length Violet dared to raise her eyes; she met the encouraging smile, and heard the gentle voice of that lovely lady, and her agitation suddenly calmed, her fears subsided; she even smiled in return, and in a short time felt she was no longer a stranger. Thus affable and kind were the manners of Mrs. Ballantyne.

[Concluded in our next.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

HOW SIMON SANDFORD BECAME A BENEDICT.

"When I said, I should die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married."

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

"A young lady who writes a bold, flowing hand, wished a situation as copyist to a Lawyer, or as amanuensis to an author or clergyman."

"Address 'KATE,' Tribune Office."

Mr. Simon Sandford, was performing the important operation of eating his *early* breakfast. He didn't feel particularly well this morning, and he occasionally glanced at the morning's paper, then took a bit of toast—then a sip of coffee—then he read a short paragraph and so on—doing it all very leisurely, as a gentleman of independent tastes and habits should do.

"John, you may bring me another cup of coffee."

"Yes massa, me bring him berry quick." And Simon leaned back in his easy chair, and glanced around his luxurious Bachelors apartment rather uneasily, at the same time pressing his hand to his head. After a moments reverie, he resumed the paper, and looking down the long, urgent list of "Wants"—as Bachelors *do sometimes*—his quick eye caught the advertisement above.

He read it once—twice—thrice. He looked at the "Kate," again and again, and then he repeated it to himself slowly and half musingly.

"A young lady"—pretty, I dare say—"writes a bold flowing hand"—that tells well for her education—and "wishes a situation as copyist"—"Poor thing! in evident want too—some relative—an aged Father or Mother to support probably"—looking around on the different articles of elegant furniture, as he jumped at the last conclusion.

"A Lawyer's Office!—too bad—too bad! An Author—that would do, if he were not *too young*. But the clergyman! that would be the best—but stop! He might be *young too*. But it is too soon yet, for her to learn the result."

And Simon's face brightened at the idea. Looking up at the splendid alabaster time-piece over the mantel, he proceeded to make rather an elaborate *toilette*, which, with the assistance of John was soon completed.

As he was drawing on his gloves, he strode hastily up and down the apartment in quite an undignified manner—Mr. Simon Sandford usually walked very slowly and deliberately; but now, *something* evidently disturbed his "inner man"—causing him thereby to stop suddenly ever and

anon—all the time gesticulating, and shrugging his shoulders with the air of a genuine Frenchman.

Poor Uncle Simon! There was no possible use of his fidgeting, and stalking about and trying to look heroic—it was of no use.

"Pshaw! what is it to me, who am a professed misogynist! she's well enough, and good enough—I dare say.—But I *should* like to know *who* she is, just to gratify my curiosity."

And Simon went for his hat and cane humming snatches from "*La sentinelle*," and springing down the steps with a rapidity that much astonished old John.

"Gosh—mighty! dis nigga never did see massa quite so berry sprigh. Him must be in a 'ticklar darned hurry dis time."

Simon walked rapidly towards Nassau street.—his spirits rising most unaccountably every step of his progress.—

"As light of heart and foot too."

He was scarcely conscious "whether he walked or flew,"—as a certain "Miss Nancy" said when she walked down the aisle from Hymen's altar.

Bright laughing faces looked out at Simon, all along the *pare*, for he was a great favorite with not only managing mammas, but their pretty daughters; but on he went unconscious of the funny remarks at his expense.

"What can have happened to Mr. Sandford, Mary?" said Lucy Carlton to her sister. "He always walks so slowly you know; besides mamma says he has a touch of the gout occasionally—but he hasn't got it now, I'll warrant."

And then they both laughed to see him striding along, pushing the boys about most unceremoniously and talking to himself all the while.

Poor Simon! his gravity was entirely upset for the remainder of the day.

All at once, he seemed to be aware that he was in some certain vicinity. He looked hurriedly up at the signs along, and at last stopped a moment in front of several Offices—went on a few steps and stopped again. He stood looking up at the immense plate-glass of the doors and windows, over which was the conspicuous sign of "L. C. Sandford, Counsellor at Law."

"No, I won't go in this time, I shall be troubled with questions, if my brother is in, and I can't stay to answer them now."—And Simon walked on.

But two as roguish-looking, manly faces were peering out at him, the while, as you would meet in a day's walk.

"Hurra! Uncle Simon, where now so early? It's not ten yet—and the steamer's not in.—No news—what *can* have happened."

Simon shook his cane at them reprovingly. "I'm going where I please, you young scapegrace you—going about my own business, and you had better be doing the same"—and he walked rapidly on, while his challengers burst into a loud laugh the moment he was out of hearing.

"The young rascals!" muttered uncle Simon. "They little dream where I am going, indeed! But what if my brother should have 'addressed' her first!—The Devil! I heard him say yesterday he wanted another hand at transcribing"—and Simon hurried along the *pare* to the no small astonishment of his worthy friends—the merchants and professionals, who were at a great loss to imagine what could be the cause of Uncle Simon's unusual speed. But he was perfectly regardless if the queries he got on all sides.—

"Where now, friend Simon?" exclaims his worthy contemporary, Ned Finch—the Draper and Tailor.

"Only up here a short distance, I'll call when I come back." And on he went, on—on—jostling the old women and children in the most uncere- monious manner, and promising to call everywhere on his return.

His spirits, which had fallen a little at the idea of "Kate's" being in his brother's employ, and under the interesting cognizance of his two hopeful nephews—were now again at their utmost buoy- ancy; he winked knowingly at the "old 'uns," and meeting an urchin who was going on an errand, he had a laugh and a jest for him, instead of his usual kindly enquiries after his mother's health.

It is astonishing how soon children adapt them- selves to the different atmospheres. Charley Carroll placed the thumb of his dexter hand at the point of his turned-up proboscis, performing at the same time, divers sundry gyrations with the four fingers; then raising his voice as Simon shot past him, he bawled out at the top of his lungs—"I say, old hearty! what are you cruising about for under such press of sail—Government-cutter after you, eh?"—Meaning thereby, that he was going so fast as if one of his namesakes—a Charley or Catchpole, was after him, and affecting the idiom of a regular "old salt." And then muttering to himself—

"Wall I reckon I never did *persee* him in *sich* a hurry fluster afore. He's one of 'em any how."

Simon next encountered a man with a hand-bar- row on which he was conveying Codfish.—Simon was very punctilious, and the barrow-man was equally so, for he pertinaciously stuck for the "hinside of the 'valk," as he termed it—"cause he was there before."

In a twinkling, away went barrow, Codfish and all into the gutter, and Simon went on his way rejoicing, amid the imprecations of the poor Codfish- man, who inveighed bitterly against the Yankees.

Simon next brought up front of an old woman's Gingerbread-stall, where he had stopped occasion- ally to buy apples, &c. His mercury having by this time arrived at its height, he accosted the dame very gaily, and remarked that her daughter—a rosy- cheeked lass who stood beside her in a smart calico dress and ribbons; "was a fine girl, and the picture of herself." Whereat Grandam settled her cap a little, sat bolt upright on her bench, and commenced knitting away with great perseverance.

"Lawk, sir! you're so very polite—maybe you'd like some apples this morning?"

Thus appealed to, Simon bought several large ones instead of his customary two, and distributed them amongst the news boys who had gathered about the stall.

This "popular act," at once stamped him as a "prime 'un" among them; and one of them—a forward-looking chap of thirteen or thereabouts, tore from a last week's sheet, the advertisement of "Harnden & Co.'s Express—

"Persons sending parcels, packages, &c. must apply at the office between the hours of 10 and 12—

"Everything at the risk of the owners. Orders attended to with punctuality and despatch."

Master Jim Smith had followed the unusual movements of Uncle Simon down the street, and had overtaken him as he stopped for a moment at Mother Bunch's stall. Thinking it were a pity that so much "speed and bottom" should go "without a trumpeter," he adroitly fastened the paper—which

by the way, was in large conspicuous characters—to the skirts of Simon's black dress-coat where it "stood out" after the most approved style of *bosso relievo*; to the no small delight of the boys, who however, managed to restrain their mirth at a sign from Mother Bunch's smart girl.

There's no telling what absurdities he would not have been guilty of, had he not suddenly halted at the corners of Spruce and Nassau streets, and dis- covered that he had got to the Office of the Tribune. He stood for a moment to collect his ideas and re- cover his breath, and then requested to know "if his friend Mr. Greeley was in."

Being answered in the affirmative, he proceeded to the *sanctum*, to make investigations concerning the fair unknown. All he was enabled to learn concerning her was—that she was very young— pretty and wore deep mourning.

"Father's dead, probably," ejaculated Simon, to the no small amusement of his friend, who was at no loss to perceive which way the wind blew.

"Don't know her residence I suppose, Friend Greeley?"

"No I do not, however she will call this after- noon, and I will endeavor to ascertain for you if possible."

"I wish you would do so," warmly responded Simon shaking him by the hand—"I will acknowl- edge I feel no small degree of interest in this young lady, sir.—Something quite out of my bachelor line of business—I'll assure you.—Oh! you needn't laugh so very immoderately—to be sure—I suppose it is rather unusual for me to —"

"My dear sir," exclaimed his friend, as soon as he could articulate distinctly for laughing.—It was not *that*, I was *so much* amused at, but this; and stepping behind Uncle Simon, with his usual urbanity, he politely divested him of his placard much to his surprise and indignation. Mr. Greeley had not observed it, until he rose to depart.

We will leave him at Ned Finch's where he stopped on his return, to *explain* his unusual hurry— Ned is a particular friend of his, and the task is not so very difficult.

Meanwhile, we will look in on those young gen- tleman who bantered Uncle Simon so profusely in passing.

Frank, the eldest, was sitting in the large easy chair in his father's office—his feet on the top of the cylinder-stove in which the fire had nearly gone out—a prime *Regalia* in his mouth—his arms folded akimbo, and a dense volume of smoke wreathing up and around him. In short he was enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* in the best pos- sible manner—the perfect picture of one who is at ease with himself and all the world.

He might have been twenty, or not far from that at most—with an open, handsome face—a profusion of shining black hair and a most roguish pair of dark blue eyes, which, young as he was, he knew how to make good use of.

His mouth—that *expressive* feature of the face— was a fine one, scientifically speaking—lips deli- cately cut, with a firm compression at the corners denoting decision, while at the center they were slightly arched—like the bow of "the little boy- god;" telling plainly enough that he would not be very much averse to kissing a pretty girl providing it was the one. His chin was beautiful chisled— with the point pretty well developed in which a dimple always sat smirking for any occasion. Notwithstanding this "*tendency*"—as Fowler or

Combe would express it, Frank Sandford was no ladies' man to be controlled at pleasure—not he! "It would take a tolerable fine craft to tow him about," as he was often saying.

His revery whatever it might be, was evidently a pleasing one, for he removed his *cigaro*—blew off a long line of smoke, and then smiled very compla- cently. It was soon interrupted by the arrival of his brother Bill, who sprang lightly into the room— throwing his cap on the desk near by and laughing most immoderately—

"Oh! Frank! I wish you *might* have seen Uncle Simon. He's been making himself so ridi- culous—he's been doing all sorts of things—who would have thought it—Ha—ha—ha. We've done it up brown." And here Bill gave way to another fit of laughter.

"Did he go to the Office, Bill—as we imagined he would?"

"Yes, and on the way, he stopped and bandied words with Charley Carroll, whose mother is sick with the pleurisy you know, and Charley gave it back to him."

"I'll warrant that; 'Charley gave it back to him' to the point, I dare say—he is a very precocious youth and don't allow people to sauce him gratui- tously."

"Not he. Well, the next thing he did was to upset a poor, old countryman who was wheeling along some Codfish, which flew in all directions—the poor man uttering a volley of oaths.—You would have certainly thought him "possessed," could you have seen him.—Why he went dancing along— switching the boys with his cane—pushing the old women off the curb-stone, and Hurraing to every one that spoke to him. Oh! *such* times! Ha— ha—ha!"

"Are you sure he did not see you Bill?—you kept some distance behind him of course."

"Oh yes, he couldn't see any body, unless they had been directly in front of him—not he—he halted at old Mother Bunch's stall awhile, and paid her so many fine compliments, that all of a sudden she sat up as stiff as Queen Victoria, on her bench— and then he bought a lot of apples and gave them to the news-boys; and while he stood making fine speeches to the old woman's girl. Jim Smith pinned a paper on his coat having a card of "Harnden's Express" on it—and he was going so fast too—Oh! I wish you might have seen him."

"And so you followed him quite to the Office, did you?"

"Yes, he had got up his steam so, that by the time he got there, he was going so fast he could scarcely 'put up his brakes' soon enough. After he went in, I stopped opposite a few minutes, and then went slowly on down Nassau street and returned just as he was coming out.

"Mr. Greeley came to the door with him, and I suppose he told him about the card for I saw he hadn't it on; then I heard him say to Mr. Greeley that he would call again this evening—egad, Frank, this is the greatest joke—but what are you going to do with him next?"

"I'll manage that nicely, but I did not think he would make himself so very ridiculous—indeed I am rather sorry it is so—but"—

"Pshaw! you're always so conscientious, Frank—now don't go to spoiling a capital joke just for Uncle Simon's capers."

The fact was, the day before, Bill Sandford had overheard his mother and several lady-relatives

talking over Simon's sterling qualities, his peculiarities, &c. And then, as a matter of course, they canvassed the "whys and wherefores" of Simon's state of single blessedness. Mrs. Sandford at length remarked that she believed Simon's predilections, if he ever had any—were entirely of a too ordinary nature—nothing out of the common course of events; and nothing short of a real romance *a la grenada* would ever enlist his sympathies.

Whereupon, one of the ladies then proposed that they should mutually endeavor to "hunt up a wife for Simon"—the affair to be invested with as much romance and sentiment as was compatible with the magnitude of his corporeal system—he weighing about two hundred and twenty, and six feet, in his stockings.

One lady mischievously remarked, "that he would no doubt realize the poet's ideal of a lover—

—“Sighing like a furnace o’er a
Ballad to his mistress’s eyebrow.”

Poor Uncle Simon! many were the originalities perpetrated at his expense, notwithstanding the philanthropic intentions of the ladies.

Master William made the best of his way to the office to communicate what he had overheard, to Frank. A cousin of there's happening to be in at the time, all three concocted a plan in advance of the ladies.

Horace Newton, the cousin—was entrusted with the important business of "hunting up a young lady" to personate the heroine, while Frank drew up the advertisement.

Horace Newton knew of a young person who had retired with her widowed mother to an obscure dwelling, after having mingled much in society, and been fashionably known previous to their reverse fortune.

She was young, pretty, very affectionate in her disposition—easily loving and being pleased with every one that was pleased with her—not too profound—(very profound women seldom make their husbands perfectly happy) and in short just the one for Uncle Simon.

Then too "she would have such a fine house, and a comfortable home for her mother—Oh! they hadn't any doubt but it would go off nicely."

Mr. Simon Sandford discovered the retreat of the fair unknown, and called the next day. What he might have said, and how he sped with his wooing is "chiefly unknown to us," as Ambrose McLane used to say; but he kept calling very often, and sometimes staid until quite late in the evening. In the meantime, the ladies had formed various plans—involving Simon out to tea at one place—and to spend the evening at another, besides a great many attempts to bring the parties concerned, together, at his brother's. But all of no avail.—It seemed as if Simon had suddenly found a talisman to keep him-self safe from their privy conspiracies—so at least it looked to them—and so it was.

Frank and Horace kept their own counsels, and were not a little amused to see the different operations going on, to achieve the same end.

One bright moonlight evening, as Simon was wending his way homeward after a "call" upon "Kate," Master Bill, (who acted as informer general, keeping a strict surveillance upon everything connected with the affairs,) espied him, and taking advantage of a crowd on the *pave*, he walked stealthily along behind him for some distance.

"What an amiable sweet creature she is—so kind—so cheerful and even gay sometimes"—so-

liloquized Simon; "I never thought to find any one so nearly like my *ideal*—and it is so out of the ordinary way too—no one *even suspects* such a thing. She would do the honors of my house too, with such grace and dignity—but then my brother—all of them—how shall I break it to them; I shall be plagued and tormented to death."

"But it must be done—for I am anxious to transplant my beautiful flower into a more congenial atmosphere—Heigho!—this is a miserable world."

* * * * *

About two months after the above events, there was a brilliant assemblage one evening at the house of Simon's brother.

There were the usual varieties of dresses, pretty girls, old ladies, artificial flowers, &c. and some how or other there was a venerable silver-haired clergyman who had got in with some of the guests quite unexpectedly, and also made himself rather conspicuous in the early part of the evening—leaving however, before any of the others thought of retiring.

As the Rev. Henry Poulton, (for it was no less a personage) was taking a friendly leave of the master of the house and his lady, Simon was observed to follow his old friend to the door—shaking his hand warmly and detaining it for a moment while he said something in a low tone which caused the Reverend to look up very kindly and express his thanks. What it could have been, we know not, but Mrs. Cogger positively affirmed that it was a large gold coin—of course Mrs. Cogger must have seen it—a gold coin of considerable value judging from the size; which the Reverend divine, with the slight of hand *peculiar* to him, quickly conveyed it to his pocket—we suppose on the principle of not letting "his right hand know what his left hand was doing."

Frank Sandford appeared to making himself extremely agreeable for the evening, to pretty Mary Carroll, speaking very low and confidently at times while Mary directed roguish glances occasionally, over to Uncle Simon, who was sitting up as complacent and dignified as if he had achieved a great action.

Next morning Mr. Simon Sandford stood leaning against the marble mantel endeavoring to decypher a slip of paper or billet. But more than one pair of eyes were on that ominous bit of rejuvenised rags—

Directly across Simon's capacious left shoulder, lay a little white hand in exquisite relief against the dark *back* ground of his coat.

Over his shoulder—a fair young face shaded with a mass of silken hair peered down on to the paper. Suddenly, Simon started—rubbed his eyes—the paper was somewhat defaced—and looked more closely—at the same time, the little face grew flushed—the hand fell heavily, from his shoulder, and he turned just in time to prevent her falling to the floor.

Mrs. Simon Sandford (for we suppose the "murder is out" by this time) burst into a flood of tears which saved her from fainting—although of course, very distressing to Simon.

As he was endeavoring to soothe her as well as might be, when the doors were thrown open and in trooped the whole regiment.—First came Master Bill; then Frank and Horace, followed up by Mr. and Mrs. Sandford, senior, and a whole bevy of those ladies who were so anxious to assist Simon with their design matrimonial.

Of course, mutual interesting explanations followed, wherein Master Bill came in for his share. He had kept a copy of "Kate's" insertion in the Tribune for emergencies, and had placed it *very* accidentally on the mantel that morning—waiting in the hall for the *denouement* to apprise his auxiliaries in time for the *grand rush*.

Horace, pleaded guilty to an inditement also, he acknowledged that he had first represented to Ellen May, (for so Simon's "Kate" was called,) that a copyist would be enabled to gain a good salary, and then offered to get the advertisement inserted.

She poor thing! knew nothing at all of its connection with Simon. He confessing that he had taken Blackstone to her, under pretence of being a lawyer—wishing to have some particular sections transcribed, Naughty Simon!

"What part of Blackstone did he set you transcribing, Ellen?" asked Horace maliciously. I believe I commenced somewhere about the different *capiases*—let me see—there was the one issued *before* judgement—*capias ad respondendum*—then after the judgement there were several—*capias ad satisfaciendum*—*capias pro fine*; a *capias ut legatum*; a *capias in withernum*, &c. Mrs. Simon spake with a confidence and rapidity very surprising for her—but she soon saw how it was going with her liege-lord, and came boldly to the rescue; opportunity enough too, for one old maid who had "set her cap" for Simon herself, (notwithstanding their "mutual aid association,") had just ventured to hint to Mrs. Sandford Senior, that "she presumed Simon's scribe could explain all about the Advertisement"—implying that she was in the conspiracy. Poor Ellen! she smiled and wept by turns.

"It seems you got as far as the '*habeas corpus* act' Simon" said Mr. Sandford. "Of course, Blackstone wasn't of much use to you after that—I *always* told, you would make an eloquent *pleader* if you would only exert yourself," and Mr. Sandford looked slyly at Ellen.

Simon Sandford Esq. took a large elegant mansion in East Broadway—his new mother-in-law coming to live with them and assisting Mrs. Sandford "to do the honors."

Everything went on smoothly enough; none of the parties having cause to regret the part he, or she played in the drama.

Frank, our dignified, handsome Frank, has, to use his father's terms "made an *appeal* to the sympathies of the Court"—of Cupid—Chief Justice Mary Carroll, on the Bench, which was attended with entire success—carrying not only the *hearts* of the *audience* but the hands too, along with him.

Mrs. Simon Sandford made a splendid "jam" on the occasion; by way of illustrating the "*sex talionis*," act for Frank's share in the memorable conspiracy of Catline, and the *Tribunes*.

Horace Newton, Esq. Attorney and Counsellor at Law—is quite attentive of late at the residence of Mr. Carlton, who happens to have two pretty daughters, Cornelia and Lucy.

We presume the former, (judging from certain appearances) will soon be able to transcribe for a lawyer; and thereby realize a handsome salary.

Master Bill has taken Frank's post in his father's Office, and diversifies his time very pleasantly between drawing writs—and *caricatures*, at which last, he evinces a remarkable aptness. He yesterday surprised his Uncle Simon with a sketch representing a fine-looking portly gentleman in the act of arranging an old woman's apples and things.

at her stall—while a roguish boy was just behind him fastening a suspicious-looking cord to his coat. Uncle Simon told him it was worthy a place in the Academy of Design. Mrs. Simon is very much occupied with making "Commentaries," upon a miniature edition of—"Blackstone" somewhat on the model of the original. Having progressed with the different characters of our tale, we will bid thee adieu, Courteous Reader—after begging thy clemency for this "long-spun yarn" as "Uncle Toby" quaintly remarks. H. A. DUNSTAVILLE.
City of Elms, Conn. 1846.

MISCELLANY.

READY WIT.

SOME company in Ireland disputing, relative to quickness of reply, ascribed to the lower orders of that country, it was resolved to put the matter to the test in the person of a clown, who was then approaching them. "Pat" observed one of the gentlemen "if the devil was to come determined to have one of us, which do you think he would take?" "Me, to be sure." "Why so?" "Because he knows that he can have your honor at any time."

LEGERDEMAIN.—How to get a whole suit of clothes into a junk bottle.—Every time you feel like taking a horn, drop the price of a nipper into the bottle and drink a glass of pure cold water. Repeat this until the bottle is full, then brake it, and carry the contents to a good tectotal Tailor. And within the space of a week you will find yourself encased in a new suit of clothes without any trouble or expense to yourself. The same trick can be done with Hats, Boots, &c. We have known a cart load of wood, and a barrel of flour to be Hocus Poccused in that way.

A CURIOUS NOTION.—The following is from a country paper, and is not only good sense, but out of all measure—comical poetry:—

He who reads and comes to pay,

Shall read again another day—

But he who will not "plank the cash,"

Through his name on our subscription book we shall be compelled, however reluctantly, to make a ——— (dash.)

So I WOULD.—"Why on earth don't you get up earlier, my son?" said an anxious father to his sluggish boy, "don't you see the flowers are out of their beds at the early dawn?" "Yes father," said the boy, "I see they are, and I would do the same, if I had as dirty a bed as they have."

"John, who was the wisest man?" "Don't know sir." "Yes you do know too. Tell me." "Wall I guess it was uncle Zeke; for father says he was so cunning that he got every body to trust him, and warn't fool enough to pay nobody."

"SAY, Pat, are the days longer in Ireland than in this country?" "Longer! aye, you may well say it, and not only longer, but there is a great many more of them."

Why is a tear shed in secret like a vessel of war?
Because it is a private tear.

AN Athenian who was lame in one foot, on joining the army, being laughed at by the soldiery on account of his lameness, said, "I am here to fight, not to run."

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1846.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

THIS Magazine is edited by Seba Smith, a gentleman that has long and favorably been known to the reading public, his name is recommendation sufficient to ensure the Magazine a welcome in every family. We have been much gratified in the perusal, and find therein much to recommend it to the favor of the young for whose benefit it is chiefly designed. Its pages contain something to amuse, as well as much to interest; and few of our young people, it strikes us, can apply themselves to this Magazine without being at once gratified with its manner, and improved by the acquaintance. It is a publication to be read with pleasure and profit. It will be issued monthly, on fine paper, and each No. embellished with a steel engraving and a flower painted from nature. Terms one dollar per year, all orders should be addressed to J. K. WELLMAN, Proprietor, 118 Nassau Street, N. Y.

EVA LABREE.

THIS spirited little romance published by GLEASON & Co. Boston and which is founded upon the late Anti-Rent excitement in this section of the country, is truly an interesting volume. We scarcely recollect of passing a few hours more pleasantly than in perusing it. It is intended as a sequel to *Big-Thunder, or The Chief of the Anti-Renters*, and in richness of style, and fine imagery is not its inferior; both we understand are from the accomplished pen of our talented and highly esteemed young friend, J. G. SHOEMAKER.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

J. T. M. South Lee, Mass. \$1.00; P. M. Bristol, \$1.00; E. L. M. Sweeney, Ill. \$3.00; A. H. B. North Canaan, Conn. \$1.00; Miss C. S. North Chatham, N. Y. \$1.00; J. S. W. Winterville, Mass. \$1.00; J. McC. Valatie, N. Y. \$2.00; J. C. T. Fulton, N. Y. \$8.00; J. C. C. Norway, N. Y. \$3.00; Miss M. J. P. New-York, N. Y. \$2.00; Miss C. Jamestown, N. Y. \$1.00.



In this city on the 11th inst. by the Rev. E. Crawford, Mr. Edward Shultz, to Miss Harriet Pulver, both of Hudson.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Waterbury, Mr. Joseph D. Fuller, to Mrs. Caroline W. Drury, both of Worcester, Mass.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. Stephen V. Blake, of Chicopee Falls, Mass. to Miss Catharine E. Frear, of Hudson.

At Claverack, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. Frederick A. Gifford, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth, only daughter of Dr. Jordan, of the former place.

We hope the sicken cord that binds,
This happy couple firm together,
May never break, and life to them
Be one continual round of pleasure.
Our D—d—two mischievous boys,
Also hopes they'll comfort take,
And says he'd like to wish them joy
And get a piece of wedding cake.

At Claverack, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Tiffany, Mr. Horatio G. Adams, to Miss Jane C. Moore, all of the same place.

Man asks but little and gets little granted,
While he sejourns on time's uncertain shore;
But here we find the quaint old rule surplanted,
He who asks but little, now is given MOORE.

At Athens, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. H. L. Grose, Mr. Timothy Whitmore, to Miss Catharine M. Delamater, both of Coxsack.

At Stuyvesant Falls, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. J. N. Shaffer, Mr. John Shaw, to Miss Margaret McConn, both of that place.

In Poughkeepsie, on the 17th ult. Jacob Wenver, aged 17 years, to Sarah Sherman, aged 13 years and 7 months. *Do their anxious Mothers know they are out.*

In Kinderhook, on the 21st ult. by Eld. L. S. Rexford, Mr. Aaron Huyek to Miss Aurelia Hogles, both of White Mills, Chatham.



In this city, on the 11th inst. of Consumption, Miss Mary Jane, youngest daughter of Mr. John Crissey, in her 16th year.

On the 5th inst. Helen B. daughter of John Van Hoesen, in the 5th year of her age.

On the 15th inst. Mary E. Woolsey, in her 22d year.

At New-York, on the 14th inst. Mr. Gardiner Jenkins, in his 61st year, formerly of this city.

At Kinderhook, on the 6th inst. Elsie Elizabeth, daughter of David and Catharine Van Schanck, in the 12th year of her age.

At Greenport, on the 6th inst. Fidel Shoe, in his 20th year. In Claverack, suddenly, on the 9th inst. Mr. Daniel Rossman, in the 47th year of his age.

In Albany, on the 15th inst. of consumption, Miss Julia A. Noyes, daughter of the late Augustus Noyes, of this city, in her 23d year.

In Kinderhook, on the 16th inst. at the residence of Nathan Wild, Mrs. Annette Elizabeth Wild, wife of Alfred Wild, in the 23d year of her age.

In New-York, Feb. 1st. Charles H. Smith, aged 10 years and 11 months.

OBITUARY NOTICE.—In memory of the death of Miss Eliza V. S. P.—, who died on the 23d of February, aged 15 years.

The subject of this sketch was a school girl, not of ordinary cast or talent; a lovely being just blooming forth to womanhood when death prematurely selected her to be borne hence; as we pluck from the bush the most beauteous rose, so hath He who rules on high, for his own wise purpose taken from us one of the fairest flowers of the garden.

Reader, pause and reflect on what is here recorded of one most dearly loved; so young, so buoyant in spirit, so pure in thought, so affectionate and warm in friendship, so beloved by all; in whose bosom there was no deceit; reserved and modest in her deportment, conscientious and fervent in her religious devotion, a ready writer, quick in conception and expression, and frequently original and brilliant in description; she who was but lately in the pride and bloom of health is now no more. She is gone, forever gone. She was a pupil in one of the principal boarding schools in this city, where she retired in prayer and rose at early dawn, was attentive, studious, industrious and obedient, and was not only loved, but dearly so, by principals, teachers, and schoolmates. If others were in sickness or affliction, she was first to administer to their comfort and cheer them with her kindness. She spoke never of any but in praise.

In this trying scene let the weeping parents, sisters and friends respond to her last solemn words in prayer, "O Lord thy will, not mine be done." She has bid adieu to a short life of woe, and is now beyond the reach of pain.—They will no more see her loved form, or hear her sweet voice; her God has called her early from this fleeting world, where the spark is only kindled to expand and shine forth in an unknown, better and everlasting sphere of happiness, where there is no sin, but where all who die in the love of the Lord will find a haven of safety and eternal rest. Those who knew her best know that few go hence at her tender age so well prepared; they know that her's was an inquiring mind; that each night in her chamber on bended knee she prayed in sincerity and truth to Him who has called her from us; they know that "our loss is her eternal gain;" and that if they live as she lived, and die as she died, they will surely meet her again in the celestial worlds above. When on her bed of sickness, and this world's vanities were gently fading from her view, at her own request many prayers were daily offered up to her Heavenly Father for her safety, and they soothed and calmed her, and when her pure heart ceased to beat, she was fully prepared to meet her God—

Her lamp was trimmed and burning bright,
When her young spirit took its flight
To an eternal home.
She's gone to heaven—go meet her there;
Where no more sorrow, sin, or care
To her shall ever come.

From the many letters written by her, to absent friends I have been permitted to make from one dated 11th September, 1845, the following beautiful extract as being suitable in subject and train of thought for the present occasion. "On Saturday we went to Greenwood Cemetery, which is a lovely place; numerous vaults and lofty monuments adorn the sacred ground; the sylvan lake is one of the most delightful places imagination can fancy; on its borders are the graves of the crazy poet and the Indian Queen. If you take one winding avenue you find yourself in a low dell, another and you are on a rising summit, or perhaps on the verge of a silver lake whose glassy surface reflects like a mirror the branches of some bending willow or stately tree. It would be in vain for me to pen the beauties of this sacred and final repose of the dead." From another letter—"It seems as though I wish to spend a large portion of my time in composing; my whole mind appears to be involved in that all absorbing subject save one, which is found at the religious shrine."

There is one of whom I would speak who is borne down with anguish and grieves as sincerely as any other the loss of the departed; an affectionate aunt living in a distant city, under whose care she was received when but a child and from whom she had but lately returned to her parental home to complete her education. "To this pious relation may it be said 'Well done thou good and faithful servant; thou shalt have thy reward.' Thy beloved and thee shall surely meet again.

Of one other I would also speak and my task is done—a fair young friend, early schoolmate and companion. By her this affliction will be deeply mourned, but their young hearts so closely twined together are only for the present separated. Life's course is swiftly run, and it is appointed that all are once to die; after death the curtain which now veils us from the future will be raised and a brighter and happier world will appear before us. There the meeting of kindred spirits will be glorious, happy and eternal. Their joy shall be great; they shall meet again to part no more.

In this early bereavement of one who but a few days previous to her death was in the bright sunshine of life and health and the pride of friends, we are taught how vain and delusive are all things in this world, and the solemn reflection presses itself more forcibly upon us that there is another to which we are fast hastening. We know not what a day may bring forth. God has no respect for persons and from his stern decree there is no appeal "Be ye also ready."—*Com. Advertiser.*



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

WEEP NOT FOR THOSE THAT SLEEP.

BY REV. E. W. REYNOLDS.

WEEP not for those that sleep
On beds of coral low,
Down in the stormy deep,
Where ocean's surges flow—
Where water-nymphs are said
To chant a burial song—
And requiem for the dead—
As wavelets sweep along!

Weep not for those that sleep
Upon the battle plain,
Where Vultures revels keep
Amid the lowly slain—
Where woman stays to hear
Her lord's expiring sigh,
And shed the bitter tear—
Proof of her constancy.

Weep not for those that sleep
In life's propitious morn,
Though those for whom ye weep,
Might Fame's fair page adorn.
Nor for earth's loveliest
Breathe thou the woful sigh—
Fitter by far, and best
That such should dwell on high.

Ah! let not grief intrude,
Though, from our fond embrace,
Death bears the fair and good,
His gloomy halls to grace.
His iron bars are burst,
And Faith illumines the way,
Trod by the holy first
Unto immortal day!

Jara Village, N. Y. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

THE COUNCIL OF BIRDS.

BY ISAAC COBB.

A COUNCIL assembled one beautiful day,
Remote from the dwellings and haunts of the gay;
In a sweet little valley, beside a still wood,
Where aught that disturbeth might never intrude.
It was formed not of those in the battle-field found,
Where strife and where carnage forever abound;
Nor of those who declaim in the chambers of State;
Or of such as come forth from the halls of the great;
But of the bright birds from the wood and the glen,
That cheer with their music the spirits of men.
The Robin, the Jay, and the Sparrow were there,
The Blue-bird, the Thrush, and the Bobolink fair;
While the Lark soared aloft into regions on high
And the Yellow-bird perched on a maple tree nigh.

"And so," said the Lark in his loftiest strains,
"I find ye are coming together again,
To talk of the dangers we songsters are in,
Whenever we venture where sportsman have been.
'Tis well that ye come for 'tis grievous indeed,
For age to be hunted and destined to bleed,
When existence to us is as pleasant and dear,
As ever existence to man may appear."

"'Tis true," spoke the Jay, "what our neighbor the Lark,
Has brought to our view in his touching remark;
Yet much there remaineth which he has not shown,
Although to his mate and himself not unknown;
For proof, I inform you that yesterday morn,
I wandered in quest of some food on the lawn;
And as I returned to my dear native bower,
On having been absent for only an hour—
Imagine a moment my grief how intense!—
I found that my young had been taken from thence."

"Ah! me," said the Robin, "I know 'tis all so,
For evil awaits me wherever I go;
Like mine is the fate of a thousand besides,
And 'tis hard to discover where Mercy resides."

"I know it sir Robin," the Thrush made reply;
"But is there no spirit beneath the blue sky,
Acquainted with Mercy—that seraph divine,
That smiles on the world with a look so benign?"

"There is, oh, there is," said the Bobolink, loud;
"I have seen him, afar from the mart and the crowd,
Communing with Nature, beheld in the flowers,
Adorning the fair and elysian bowers.
I have seen him beside the bright streamlet that glows
With beauty and splendor, as onward it flows;
And oft in the morn, when my song hath begun,
His presence my fearless attention hath won."

"I know him, I know him!" responded a voice,
That made every one in the valley rejoice;
"He ever delighteth in searching for those,
Whose spirits are troubled with cares and with woes;
Oh, let us appeal to his kind feeling heart,
He will not permit us unheard to depart."

Attentive they listened to all that was said,
And then each one hastened instructively led,
To find where the Poet might chance to reside—
The being with tender compassion allied.

Gorham, Me. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

THERE'S A CHARM IN SPRING.

THERE'S a charm in Spring, when the Winter King,
With his gloom has passed away,
With the drifting snow, which the light winds blow
Through the streets so merrily.
It is gone, it is gone, like a shadow flown,
Before Spring's gentle ray,
And Spring has come in all its bloom,
And all its buoyancy.

There's a charm in Spring, when the breezes fling
Their soft notes on the air,
When the birds so free are carolling,
And their songs are floating far,
And the gay earth, with all its mirth,
Hath no joy like these songsters fair,
Who revel free and gladly morn,
With no sorrow their notes to mar!

There's a charm in Spring when everything
Is bursting into bloom,
When gladness reigns over happy plains,
Forsaken by Winter's gloom.
And all man's praise through his life's short days,
For his Maker's works of love,
Should be given here on this lowly sphere,
To Him who reigns above.

And when Life's woes draw near their close—
And its Spring hath passed away,
With its Summer, light, and its Autumn bright,
And its powers do fast decay,
When Winter's night, with old Time's might,
Shall have laid him down to rest,
Receive oh! Christ, the parting soul
In the mansions of the blest.

* * *

FEMALE FAITH.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

SHE loved you when the sunny light
Of bliss was on your brow;
That bliss has sunk in sorrow's night,
And yet she loves you now.
She loved you when your joyous tone
Taught every heart to thrill;
The sweetness of that tone is gone,
And yet she loves you still.

She loved you when you proudly slept,
The gayest of the gay;
That pride the blight of time has swept,
Unlike her love away.
She loved you when your home and heart
Of fortune's smile could boast;
She saw that smile decay—depart—
And then she loved you most.

Oh, such the generous faith that grows
In woman's gentle breast;
'Tis like that star that stays and glows,
Alone in night's dark vest.

That stays because each other ray
Has left the lonely shore,
And that the wanderer on his way
Then wants her light the more.

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EDITED BY JOHN B. NEWMAN, M. D.

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